

ANGLIA GRATIA:

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OR, A

Hearty-English-Welcome

TO

King William

76
AFTER A

Successful Campaign.

L O N D O N :

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OR

A Hearty-English-Welcome

TO

King William.

Welcome Great Prince from the
Field of *Mars*! from the Re-
nown'd Siege of *Namur*! co-
ver'd with Laurels, and charg'd with Spoils;
Victory waited only your Approach, Tri-
umphs attend your Return, and Trophies are
your Reward.

B

Thrice

Thrice Welcome Great Sir, to a Joyful,
 Gallant and Grateful Nation! Who both
 know and prize your Worth. You are the
 Joy of Our Hearts! The Delight of Our Eyes!
 Our Good Genius! Guardian-Angel and Tu-
 telar Saint! Vollies of Huzza's, and Flouds
 of Mirth are ready for your Reception; Loud
 Acclamations Eccho ev'ry where, the Streets
 are fill'd with Nothing else; Joy sparkles in
 our very Eyes, and Mirth dwels in our Hearts.
 Your Safety and Success was the Blessing we
 pray'd for, and we have it. All *Europe* is
 concern'd for You, for You are The Soul of the
 Union, The Life of The League, The Dar-
 ling of the Soldiers, The Delight of the Of-
 ficers, and The Wonder of your Enemies.
 Thy Prowess was early felt in the Field,
 Thy Courage and thy Conduct Stupendious
 in themselves, were admir'd and own'd even
 by the Generals in Arms against Thee, who
 gave a lasting Character to thy Great Name.
 Great in the Camp! Great in the Court! and
 Wondrous-Great in the Cabinet. Thy Glories
 Darken and Eclipse Those of Thy Haughty-
 Enemy, and Cloud his Atchievements. Thou
 art the True Spur of Honour, and hast rous'd
 up

up the Martial-Spirit of *Old-England*, almost
 lost and extinguish'd in the Late Lew'd and
 Lazy Reigns, softned and enervated by Ease
 and Luxury, the Constant Companions of
 those Times. Nature her self speaks loud
 for you, New Prodigies appear; Whales
 leave the Sea, and come to thy Happy Land;
 New-Stars in our Horizon presage Thy Fu-
 ture Greatness; New-Prophets arise and con-
 firm the same; Heaven and Earth, all the
 Four Elements Concur; New Poets adorn
 Thy Reign, and Celebrate Thy Praises, which
 shall be as long and lasting as Time it self!
 New Songs are daily made in Honour of thy
 Illustrious Actions; Oracles are not ceas'd,
 which Predict the Blessings thou givest the
 World; the Age of Miracles is return'd, of
 True Ones too! No Cheats, or Impostures
 offer'd, all Natural and Genuine! Wondrous
 Things hast thou perform'd, but Greater yet
 remain behind, for thy Hand and thy Head
 to Compleat; Great is the Care of Heaven
 over Thy Life, destin'd to Uncommon Acts!
 All the World resounds with what is past, *Eu-
 rope* is too Narrow and Confin'd, the whole
 Globe alone has but space enough!

And

And Thou Great *Apollo*, inspire me at this Time with Raptures, with Elevated Thought and Lofty Speech. The Theme it self admits no Common-Words or Expressions; 'Tis God-like! All Divine! The Ancient Heroes all come short of Thee! Great *William*! tho Fame and Merit pronounce Them truly Great. *Alexander* and *Cæsar* if here, wou'd cry and blush indeed, as they are both said to have done, one for the Smallness of the World, and t'other for being so Old without a Name; Their Lawrels wou'd wither, and Yours, Great Sir, only remain Green: How Beautiful and Bright will your Glory stand in the Annals of Time! It needs no History to Embelish it; each Campaigne brings Fresh Fame, and gives Renown above the Power and Reach of Words! Thy Actions speak thee Great! and are the Best and Truest Heralds, the Clearest and Loudest-Trumpets. No Luscious Lying-Poetry, or Base-Court or Town-Flattery, are requir'd to varnish o're thy Story. The Simplest Colours and Plainest Words will do it best; and the Hearts of thy Subjects and thy Foreign Friends will be the Truest Tables, and Fairest Books. Your Glories, Great Monarch,
are

are Unspotted , and Unfollied , not the least Tincture of Violence , Oppression , or Injustice appears on Them ; They are Virgin-White , Pure, and without Blemish. Such Mighty Merits without Allay, draw all Tongues , all Pens, all People, all Nations, both Sexes, and all Ages, the Present and the Future, to admire Great *William*.

What a Glorious Pattern have you set ! what a Royal-Example have you given ! which to imitate will be difficult, but to come up to, almost Impossible. Your Sun is not yet arriv'd to his Meridian, but *Lewis's* is long since past that Point, and hastens apace to the Western-World. He has already surviv'd his Glory, and out-liv'd his Good-Fortune, and now declines apace, will fall unpittied, unlamented, and unreveng'd : He loaded with Curses, and You, Royal Sir, crown'd with Praises, both at Home and Abroad. He Stinks and Putrifies, even while Alive, Your very Dust will smell sweet, beyond the Noblest Perfume. He Destroys, and you Preserve. He Murders, and you keep Alive. He Robs his Neighbours, and you make him Restore. Your Great and Immortal-Ancestor, *William*

the First, Your Great-Grand-Father, laid the Foundation of, and Establish'd a Mighty Common-wealth, and broke the Heart of the *Spanish* Pride and Ambition, and ruin'd (with the kind Help of your Renown'd-Female-Predecessor) all his Pretensions to Universal Empire. And you, Great Prince, are destin'd by Heaven to Preserve that very Republick, and all *Europe* too, from their insulting Neighbour, that in this Age threaten'd no less than the *Austrians* in the Last, both alike deceiv'd. You are the Bulwark of *Europe*, the *Ne plus ultra* to the *Spaniards* and *French*, Those Stiff Contenders for more than comes to their share, The Fifth Monarchy. If ever Prince merited such an ample-Extent of Territory, surely King *William* has bid the Fairest for it, Has most Suffrages, and seems to be intended for no less: At least, thus much may be pronounced, and which will really be a greater Honour, Your Majesty has it in your Royal Hand, to give a Happy and Welcome Peace to all *Europe*, which will more Embellish your Name and Character, than the Conquest of a New or an Absolute Dominion over the Old World.

To

To enumerate Thy Vertues and Victories, Mighty Monarch, wou'd be to write the History of Thy Matchless Life, fit only for the Pen of an Angel, or at least something more than Human, Who can penetrate into the very Recesses of Thy Soul, and communicate to Us thy Faithful Subjects the Beauties of it.

'Twill exceed the Limits of a Panegyrick, to dwell upon this Glorious Theme, which wou'd soon swell into a Volume, 'tis so transporting; The Subject it self warms all Loyal Grateful-Hearts, that are sensible what Great Things the King has done for Us: He has out-gon the Fam'd-*Henry's* and Brave-*Edwards* too! Those Gallant Princes, that stand so fair in *English-Annals*, that carried their Victorious Arms into the very Heart of *France*, and receiv'd the *Gallique-Crown* at *Paris*.

The Fam'd Battels of *Seneffe*, *Mons*, the *Boyne* and *Landen*, are True Testimonies of thy Undaunted Courage, which was Invincible, though surrounded with Enemies, and charg'd with Tribles the Number of thy Troops. The Spirit of Great *William* appear'd ev'ry where, from the Right to the Left, in the Front and the Rear, penetrating through,
and

and inspiring the whole Army, from the General to the Centinel, diffus'd all o're the Mighty Body was thy Native Warmth; Thy very Enemies pronounc'd Thee Insuperable.

Straits and Difficulties though to others Formidable, You, Royal Sir, have vanquish'd and broke through; and though you have been environ'd with many and mighty ones, both at Home and Abroad, e're since You drew Your Sword, and appear'd in Arms, in Field of *Mars*, yet Nothing was too hard for You to cope with. Your Constancy of Mind is not to be shaken, the same in Adverse-Fortune as when she Smiles; Your Patience above Price, and Your Resolution Immoveable.

What Barrs and Remora's have you not met with, and remov'd? Have Cemented different Opinions, Religions, Politiques and Interests, and made 'em all one: Supplying the Weakness and Defect of some Members, with the Strength and Ability of Others; The Greatest and Most Skilful, nay, and Successful too, State-Physician in the Universe.

That Glorious Union now in *Europe*, so Terrible and Boding to the *Bourbon-House*, You, Great Sir alone, have happily Conducted
and

and Continued against all the Efforts of *France*, which, nor her Power, Artifice or Gold cou'd e're dissolve: Well may we call thee Blessed! Great! Good and Just! 'Tis you alone have baffled all the *Gallique* Engines, and this Themselves are forc'd to own.

The Stopping the Victorious Arms of *France*, in the Former as well as Present War, the Stemming that Impetuous Tide of Conquest, and snatching the Lawrels from the Greatest Generals of the Age, at the Head of the best Troops in the World, was surprizing and amazing, and this with Men Undisciplin'd and Raw, without Officers or Soldiers, and at a Time so Fatal, when Civil-Commutations invade the State, and Threaten naught but Ruin: The Balm you brought Sir, heal'd all these Wounds, Forreign and Intestine; You restor'd Private-Peace and Publick too! You Fac'd your Foes in Field of Battel, repell'd 'em, and regain'd the Lost Provinces!

But above All, and beyond Compare, was the Stupendious Revolution here at Home! How Swift Great Prince, You flew to Our Rescue! How soon you came to Guard Us from Bondage and Destruction! Sav'd Our

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Religion

Religion and Our Laws, Those Inestimable Jewels, and with the Hazard of Your Royal Person, bravely contending with Winds and Waves, Ice and Snow ! Your Hand alone preserv'd Us from Impendent Danger, When You Our Glorious Sun appear'd, Our Foes soon Fled, quitted the Sacrifice, though near the Altar, and ran in Confusion.

Scotland and *Ireland* owe their Peace and Plenty to You, Rebels and Foreigners expell'd and gon, nought resists Your Conquering Hand, Victory proud of Your Presence, only wants to see you, and Fortune her self, as blind as she is thought, can find the Head fit only for Lawrels, can distinguish True from False-Merit, and extend her Rewards; The Tribute she brings and Lays at your Royal Feet, is but Your Due.

But what shall the *English* Nation return for Your Bounties and Royal Residence, for the Graces and Blessings that issue from Your Sacred Breast ? For thy Strong Arm that Defends and Protects them against their Cruel and Voracious Neighbour. Monuments shall be erected to thy Goodness, and to perpetuate thy Name and History, more Costly and more
Durable

Durable, than ever yet were seen : Gold is too Mean, too Base, and too Cheap for thy Statue; Pearl and Diamonds too Common and Contemptible to be employ'd therein. New Mettals and more Refin'd, more Beautiful and more Lasting, will meet a Discovery for thy sake alone. All *England* shall contribute to the Work, and Express their Gratitude by their Generosity.

The Senate is Impatient to let You into their Bosom, and thence to their Purses open'd wide for your Service; New Honours are Decreed You, greater than *Rome* cou'd ever give, or *Cesar* receive. All Hearts are Open, all Bags Untied, all Treasuries Expanded to express their Joy and Duty; More shall be given than Demanded; Supplies readily Voted, and early Levied, all swiftly dispatch'd to render Your Next-Campaigne the more Compleat. All Things shall concur to your very Wishes, and Your Majesty shall have Fresh Experience of Our Loyalty and of Our Gratitude.

Italy the once Renown'd Mistrefs of the Universe, sends forth thy Eulogies, and by their Ambassadors Court Thy Alliance, and value Thy Friendship beyond all the Worlds; They

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own their Obligations to Thy Conduct and Assistance, with Thy Formidable Fleets and Powerful Armies, they have regain'd *Cazal*, the Enemies Strongest Frontier, and almost expell'd the Flutt'ring-*French* out of their Paradise: Such Huge Navies were never heard of in Their Seas; The Sovereign Pontife Himself stood amaz'd at the Report of Their Approach, sent his Compliments to the Admiral, and ever since has slighted *Monsieur*. The Rich and Mighty Duke of *Florence*, soon saw his True-Interest, and Embrac'd it; The State of *Genoa* Huff'd and Scorn'd by *France* in Former Times, tho lately much caress'd, now nor Fears nor Values her Menaces, Slights her Amity, and Addresses K. *William*. The *Venetian Republick* politickly applies in Time to Thee, by her Envoys, and though deep in *French* Interests, yet seems to abandon all, and hastens to be a Party in this Happy Conjunction. Thy Royal-Armada has wrought more Real-Wonders, than the Popish-Female-Virgin e're cou'd on That side, who deaf to all their Prayers, cou'd bring them no Assistance: But on the Opposite Coasts, what Mighty Miracles has Thy Navy not produc'd? Taught Civility to
the

the Wild, the Barbarous and Unrefin'd ; The
Moors Themselves Admire Thy Prowess, A-
 dore Thy Person tho Distant, call Thee more
 than Man, and Little Less than God ! Oft have
 they felt the *English* Power, and heard Their
 Cannon roar, but never yet so Great a Force
 United : *Africk's* Amaz'd, hasts to Thy Feet,
 and begs Thy Protection.

Spain thy Ancient-Enemy pays Thee Ado-
 rations more than Human, Flies for Refuge
 to Thy Arms ; No more pretends to be In-
 vincible, but gives That to Thee ; Her Power
 is lost by Sea and Land, Her Navy dwindled
 into Gallies, and Those almost to Cock-boats,
 no longer Formidable, Calls for Thy Royal
 Hand, and there alone can meet her Safety ;
 Swallow'd in Part by her Devouring Neigh-
 bour, rescu'd by Thee : At thy Fleets-App-
 roach, her Enemies sneak'd away, Left her
 Ports, and hasten'd to Their Own, and there
 lie locked up, nor dare to peep Abroad, re-
 sign Dominion all to Thy Prevailing Hand ;
 Their Barricado's and Their Booms, Their
 Chains and Forts hardly can secure 'em ; and
 thus Confin'd and Pris'ners-like, they lie in
 Harbor. New Courage comes to *Spain*, warms

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her

her Drooping-Spirits, and bids her March to Glory; Inspir'd by her Friends, she gains New-Life, Flies to Arms, and beats her Foes; her very Peasants are Victorious o're the *French*, defeat their Parties, then their Bodies, force 'em to abandon almost all they gain'd, and this before their Army takes the Field.

Persia and *China* are no Strangers to thy Prowess; Whites, Blacks and Tawneys, all hear thy Fame; the Worlds Remotest Ends rehearse Thy Name, Thy Sword reaches o're all the World; Whole Colonies of thy Enemies at once are rooted out in *Canada* no more pretend to fooling there; *America* calls Thee Lord alone, forgets the *French*, and quite disowns Them; resigns her Wealth to thy Industrious Subjects, and Courts their Commerce.

Flanders owes her Salvation only to Thy Arms; long since had she been swallow'd up, a Morfel only, a Luscious-bit for *Lewis*; she pays Thee Equal-Honours with the *Spanish* Kings, Calls Thee her Protector, forgets her Ancient Jealousy and Inbred Enmity, knows her Ruin was design'd by *France*, by Thee Preserv'd, Supported and Defended; lays all her Angry Sentiments aside, and courts Thy Saving

Saving Hand ; and though thy Ancestors reduc'd her Haughty Brow, restor'd Religion, Law and Liberty, taught her the best of Virtues, Humility: Yet You, Great Prince, are now the only Prop can bear her up ; sunk as she was, she pierks her Head, and by Your Influence receives New-Life , and hopes again to bid for Empire ; Worried almost to Death by her Unruly Neighbour, is rescu'd by Thy Potent-Hand alone. The *Austrian-Eagles* Tower aloft, Revive by your Assistance, and keep at Distance Infidels, and *French*, the Worse of Two, by Thy Successes the Frontiers of *Germany* are secur'd.

Thy Native *Holland* by thee preserv'd alone, skreen'd from their Raging Foe, and shelter'd from all Future Harms, pay their most Hearty Thanks, and own the Debts too great to be discharg'd in whole, the Interest only can be spar'd, the rest shall all be faithfully made up by their Descendents, who with Duty and with Gratitude, shall all declare thy Worth. 'Twas you, Great Sir, that stem'd the Tide , that startled all the World ; the Flood of Power and *Gallique-Force* , was brought to stand at Bay by You ; the *Dutch* took Breath, and banish'd

nish'd all their Fears ; and though the Blows
 were smart and heavy, amazing and destru-
 ctive, repeated o're and o're, yet soon they
 were return'd ; a Change was wrought, and
 all by your Commanding Hand ; Your Breast
 was the Cabinet and the Treasure too ! Your
 Councils animated the Drooping State ! Your
 Presence in the Field was an Army, and made
 Troops tho in Themselves Feeble, soon For-
 midable : And that which damp'd all ord'nary
 Courage, gave more heat to Thine ; the Dit-
 ficulty of the Enterprize, was but an Earnest of
 the Success ; You chang'd the Scene, and made
 'em scorn the Thoughts of Peace, to which
 they had lent an Ear, tho neither Safe nor Ho-
 nourable : 'Twas You, Brave Prince, that was
 resolv'd to hazard all, fall with the Cause, no-
 bly expire in Honour's-Bed, rather than sub-
 mit to Terms so Infamous, so Base, and so De-
 structive toward the True-Interest of your Na-
 tive-Land, of which you were the Sole and
 Valiant Guardian, Tender of Their Liberty
 and Their Trade. The People all inspir'd by
 Thee, resum'd fresh Vigor, and were sure Thy
 Name alone wou'd them Preserve, that 'twas
 the Virtue of thy Great-Fore-Father form'd
 their

their State, and Yours was destin'd to recover
 it ; And this You did, Immortal Sir ; and now
 again, when *France* Pretends to Insult her Peace-
 ful Neighbours, You beard the Monster, force
 him recoil, and think of Peace in Time ; and
 to that End, all Parties, all Interests are en-
 gag'd, no Stone unturn'd to gain his Aim, but
 all in vain ; the Allies are now too weary
 grown, to be seduc'd again by his smooth and
 false Pretensions of Amity ; he must Restore,
 give up the Towns and Provinces which
 he unjustly seiz'd, and yet detains : The Sword
 will make him do it ; No Faith can be allow'd
 him, His Honour and his Word are pawn'd
 and broke long since ; His Oaths and Vows
 were made in Jest, and so not worth the keep-
 ing ; The Present Union now in *Europe*, pro-
 mises Great-Good, and Threatens *France* more
 than ever ; She Trembles at the Prospect so
 doleful and so hideous ; her Force abates, her
 Strength and Heat declines apace, her Trea-
 sures low, her Commerce lost, and all make
 way for Ruin ; all the World combine to strip
 her of her Borrow'd Plumes, and make her
 only *France* her self, a Land of Beauty, Wealth,
 and all that's good , but now Reduc'd, De-
 F stroy'd,

stroy'd, and near abandon'd by her Prince's
 Pride and Cruelty ; all must be Sacrific'd to
 his Flaming Glory, the Subjects Blood and
 Treasure too little to assist ; and this alone
 has been the Attractive of Their Neighbours
 Hate, *England*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Spain* and
Italy Unite against Him, resolve to Humble
 and Abase him, and return their Rights to all
 the Injur'd Princes ; and these Designs are
 Great and Noble, and hasten on apace to be
 Effected. What Shifts Poor *Lewis* makes to
 oppose his Angry Foes are plain to all the
 World ; he drains his People's Pockets, and
 has Tax'd no less than Three of Four which
 We call Elements, Fire, Earth and Water, all
 submit, and so must Air to his Long Arm, but
 that it cannot be confin'd. The *Gallique*-
 Church is Moody, Grumbles at the Long
 Continuance of the War, Appeals are sent to
Rome, where *French-Interest* falls, when it can
 no longer be supported by *French-Coin* ; That
 Godly Court is very Greedy ; Avarice and
 Pride attend the Place ; *Point d'Argent*, *Point*
d'Grace. No Money you must have no Fa-
 vour. A Happy Juncture of Affairs ! Good
 Omens, Sure Prognosticks of Future Good
 Success.

Success. The Glorious Campaign is almost near an End, and the Court of *France* in Pain for the Approaching, which menaces much deeper Wounds, bids 'em prepare for Fire and Sword. 'Twas They began the Sport, and if my Skill deludes me not, they will receive their due. The *Gallique* Crown begins to totter, and *Lewis* shakes in's Throne, Amaz'd to think that all his Perjuries, his Rapines and Oppressions are now a coming strait to him: The Just Reward of all his Barbarous Acts is near at Hand, almost within his View; a State deplor'd he Feels, his Sentiments are all chagrin, he must for ever lose hopes of Empire, all his Glory and his Flattering-Honour, are now envelop'd in the Clouds; The Rising Sun no more shall be his Motto; He blazes, and he glares more like the Western Light, appears no more in this Horizon.

And now Great *William*, the Tribute of all Loyal Hearts lies at Thy Royal-Feet, With Open-Arms We meet Thee, and with Thanks we load Thee. The Stupendious Siege of *Namur* Crowns Thy Fame, and speaks Thee Wondrous-Great; The Manly, Fair and Martial

Martial Taking of the Place, Inch by Inch,
 with Sword in Hand, and Hearts of Temper
 high as Steel ; No Gold, No Treachery, No
 Artifice was us'd (like *France*) to hedge in
Towns ; but what resounds more high, Re-
 lief though threatn'd, came too late, yet had
 the Pleasure all to View the Place surren-
 der'd to their Foes ; of Evidences no less
 than a Hundred Thousand all in Arms, nor
 dar'd to strike a Stroke to Save it ; the Fate
 of *Flanders* and of *France* the same.

For This, Mighty Sir, all *Europe* stands
 engag'd to Your Happy-Conduct ; All the
 World admires ~~our~~ Your Bravery, and Gra-
 tulates Your Success : Thy very Enemies
 own thy Merit. Unborn Babies are oblig'd to
 Thy Sword, which is now cutting out Peace
 and Prosperity to usher them into the World ;
 Blessings fit only to Adorn Thy God-like
 Reign ; the Result of all thy Cares and Ha-
 zards so frequently repeated for Our Sakes ;
 for which we all Huzza, Long Live King
WILLIAM the Third.



FINIS.

